

WITH WORDS.

With words I greet thee for my heart; And though to some they seem as naught, I feel that they are much to me. Whose earnest friendship is not bought.

And when I stretch my arms to thee, And when I place my hand in thine, Believe the utmost truth I feel; That naught can shake the love of mine.

"Tis lifted o'er the common things Of outward gliding, inward dust— A love that wears not friendship's guise And crowns itself in perfect trust:

That looking out upon the world, Past all the scenes of action, bala— Beholds beyond the friend who waits In silence at the outer gate:

A postern, givens about by woods— The weeds of Time's wear and care— Some earth, some bent by falling tears, Some dead, or withered by despair.

—The Galaxy for January.

SNOW DREAMS.

Last night it snowed; and Nature fell asleep; Forests and fields lie draped in gracious dreams; Of growth for ghosts of leaves long dead, it seems.

Hover about the boughs; and wild winds sweep O'er whitened fields, full many a hoary heap.

From the storm-harvest, snows by silent tempests With beauty of crushed clouds the cold earth seems.

And Winter's frosty seeming truce would keep.

But such ethereal slumber may not bide— The asunder sun's bright scorn—not long.

I fear;

And all its visions, on the golden tide Of mid noon gliding off, shall disappear.

Fair dreams, farewell! So, in life's stir and pride,

You fade—and leave the treasure of a year!

—The Galaxy for January.

Our Carcanet.

What makes us young? 'Tis not that o'er our brows

Time sheds not yet his chill, hibernal snows It is not that the step is firm and light, The blood still bounding, and the eye still bright,

Though each of them is youth's accompaniment.

What makes us old? 'Tis not the hoary head,

The faded eye, the weak and shuffling tread The trembling voice, bent form, and failing sense,

For these are only age's incidents.

Take from the heart love, purity and truth, And man is old, though in the bloom of youth;

While he who keeps them in their pristine bloom

Is ever young, though tottering o'er the tomb.

A little girl in Reading, Pa., recently saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped her face, and then looked up so pitifully to the rest and made this remark: "Oh, say, don't hurt him; he is somebody's grandpa."

TO-DAY.

Enjoy the present; whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to tomorrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by leaving you will want a drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want your sword would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

ASSOCIATIONS.

We who habilitate ourselves to admire, we love to associate with, and what we associate with, we gradually imitate, and adopt its good features into our lives. They who associate with the good are much stronger than they who alone go out to fight the evil. Christianity would never have succeeded, had been a system of mere negations—if it had trained its disciples to be stern and intense, and direct oppositions of what was heathenish and corrupt.

That was a wise man as well as a worthy man who wrote, "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

After Dinner.

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.—Here is an Irishman's letter to his son-in-college:

MY DEAR SON—I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge; and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well; except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if you had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if not you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents.

Engaging Cendor: Papa—"And pray, sir, what do you intend to settle on my daughter?"—and how do you mean to live?—"I intend, sir, to settle myself on your daughter, and to live on you!"—Papa.

"Have you damp sheets in your hotel? Iquired a fastidious old party at the—House, the other evening, after he had written his name and handed his carpet bag to the hall boy, preparatory to ascending to the room assigned him. "I don't think we have any on hand just now," answered the bald-headed clerk; "but I'll order a pair put under a faucet for you, sir."

Lord Houghton, when plain Monkton Milnes, wrote a poem in an early number of the Cornhill, which Milnes illustrated, and in which he treated of that not very pleasant subject, a woman in love with her own daughter's sweetheart. A curious case of the kind happened the other day in London. A young subaltern was "spooned" upon a girl about his own age, but feared the objections of her parents, and therefore carried on a correspondence clandestinely. He wrote a very bad hand, not an uncommon thing by the way, and one of his letters fell into the hands of his lady love's mamma, the servant mistaking "Miss" for "Mrs." It had no name in it but his own Christian one at the end, beginning "My darling." The old girl was delighted, and to the horror of the young man answered him in rapture. Their things remain at present, the young officer having gone out of town to consider the situation, which you will admit is a little embarrassing.

Educational.

The subject of a Higher Education for Woman is now in that state of moral effervescence which most ideas reach before arriving at any degree of excellence. We must, accordingly, await results, trusting that in time, between the front and the dregs of discussion will remain much pure wine of truth, and that the day may not be far from distant when we may be allowed to partake of it. Through all the differing shades of opinion entertained upon this subject, all agree that many and grave errors exist in the present system of female education. The question as to what method can be adopted to secure thoroughness and allow sacrificing her physical welfare, continues to press for an answer.

Since, at such a time, no suggestion come amiss which aim to throw a ray of light in the right direction, we desire to call attention to a method of instruction in great favor in Paris. This method was founded by M. Colart, and is continued with very great success by M. Remy. As it has now stood the test of more than sixty years' experience, it is at least entitled to consideration.

M. Remy meets his classes but once a week, and then for a session of only two hours. This weekly recitation is nothing more or less than a careful examination of the pupils in the lesson of the previous week, but it proves so exhaustive that the pupils are obliged to devote from three to five hours each day, with the aid of parents, governess, or tutor, to their preparation.

Each girl is invariably accompanied to recitations by either governess or parent. It is indeed quite common to see both parents present, busily engaged in writing the answers to the questions propounded, to be afterwards compared with the daughter's. A delightful companionship is suggested by this community in menu conversation.

In the classes the girls are seated in chairs placed around a long table; M. Remy occupying the middle seat at one side, while the parents and other persons present are accommodated with chairs placed in rows, as one sees at "parlor lectures."

Order being secured, the first thing done by all present is to make a note of the lessons to be learned the coming week. These are always written beforehand upon a blackboard which hangs back of the professor. This done, M. Remy proceeds to read two or three essays selected from the whole number which have been handed in. After the few words of comment suggested by the essay, follows the recitation in poetry. About forty lines are committed weekly; and, as the brief session of two hours would by no means admit of each pupil's reciting the whole, Mr. Remy calls upon one (we will say Mile. A.) to begin. Mile. A. responds promptly with the first two lines; being then interrupted by the professor's "Tres bien, Mademoiselle," maintenance, Mile. X., Mile. X. takes up the dropped thread to be followed by any one whom M. Remy may chance to select. There being no regular order of succession, no pupil knows when his turn may come. It will therefore readily be perceived what complete attention is accorded, and how impossible it is for any pupil to resort to subterfuge to insure her own portion.

The recitation in poetry is the only verbal one. That finished, each pupil opens one of the pile of exercise books in front of her, in preparation for recitation in history.

M. Remy by no means confines himself to the formal question of own concerning whatever of importance the lesson suggests. Each pupil is expected to look up, by aid of encyclopedias or whatever other authority may be available, all points which will serve to a better understanding of the period of which the lesson treats.

The first question being asked, each pupil proceeds to her answer. When finished, she holds up her book for inspection by the assistant lady teachers. They take their position behind the young ladies, walking from one to another to overlook the books submitted to their criticism. If the answer proves satisfactory, the pupil receives a small counter. At the end of each recitation the number of counters received by each pupil is set down opposite her name in the report book thus showing unfailingly the grade of excellence.

Each lesson is conducted in the manner described as employed in history, the only sounds which one hears being the scratch of the busy pens, and M. Remy's questions.

Never have we seen two hours more profitably employed, and, it may be added, judging from the animated expression of the girls' faces, never more satisfactorily.

It is impossible to convey any just idea of the dispatch attained, and the interest manifested in these lessons. The pupils are evidently completely *en rapport* with their instructor, who, in his turn, compels himself toward each of them as a courtier might toward his sovereign lady.

PROF. HUXLEY ON HIGHER EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.—A public meeting convened recently, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a girls' public day school.

Prof. Huxley introduced the subject by referring to one who desired to educate his daughter. "First, there was the boarding school, but there were few thoroughly good ones, and these were exceedingly expensive; and the ordinary boarding-school was the last he should select. The next alternative was home education, which had a great deal to recommend it, but it had a costly process, and, moreover, deprived girls of the healthy influences of coming in contact with other young minds and different teachers. The day school was the third and the best course, combining, as it did, both the advantages of thorough school and home teaching, and the object to establish such schools, as he yet disputed this position. Experienced proved that success in every station of life was less than result of intellectual and moral strength than the exercise of patience, industry, and temper, qualities very much dependent upon healthy organisms. Taking then, the broad average, the central point of moral and intellectual capacity was rather higher in the male than the female group, but though man was higher in that respect than woman, he would not go so far as to say the lowest of the man group. Both, however, stand on an equality in the matter of patience, industry, and temper, and as the capacity for education rested upon those qualities, he could discover no reason why bringing up the educational standard of girls to the same level of boys should be calculated to endanger their physical welfare. That this meeting considers the provisions for the higher education of girls is

St. Nicholas for 1874.

A Book for Boys and Girls.
Or this book CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER writes:

"In the bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS, with its glory of red and gold, we have a permanent addition to the literature of the young. Never before has so much literary and artistic talent co-operated in the service of children. It is a continual educator of their taste and of their honor and courage. I do not see how it can be made any better, and if the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country."

St. Nicholas for 1875.

LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND.
U. S. CONSULATE JERUSALEM.

We enjoy our new position and home very much. Nothing could be more charming than life in this sacred land.

Near this all the great events in the history of our world transpired. Here all the patriarchs lived, died, and are buried; here our blessed Lord redeemed us from the curse of sin, and secured our glorious resurrection by his victory over death.

The whole country seems to breathe an inspiration. You never tire visiting the holy places. We live on the very summit of Mount Zion, and scarcely a day passes without our seeing the place where Christ was crucified, and the garden of his agony, or mount of his ascension, and yet the desire to see and visit these places increases with every fresh sight and visit. You can sit under one of the old olive trees in Gethsemane for hours without growing weary, and when will leave reluctantly. So when you stroll down the Kedron, or over to Bethany, the mind becomes so absorbed in contemplation you forget everything present and only live in the past. What glorious living! From boyhood I have been singing in my heart, "Could I but stand where Moses stood." Last week I visited the sacred spot, spent the Sabbath on the top of Pisgah, and preached on Nebuchadnezzar. To describe my feelings would be impossible. The dream of my life was realized, I was standing on the very rock where the Almighty and his servant Moses once stood. The grandeur of the scenery was appropriate, and I felt like proclaiming: "Now, Lord, lettest thy servant depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation." One night we camped at the ford of the Jabbok, where Jacob so gloriously prevailed with God; another at Zoar, to which Lot fled on the destruction of Sodom. We encircled entirely the Dead Sea; so, for a whole week, were 1300 feet below the level of the ocean, the lowest spot on the globe. The salt and sulphur formations here are wonderful! I can't describe them. Mrs. Lot is still standing a pillar of salt. The Arabs call her Ben Sheik's Lot. But I must close. —Rev. F. S. Hass.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The term Brother Jonathan, as applied to the United States, originated in a playful remark of Washington. The incident is this: When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence, and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety.

Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of Connecticut, and the General, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," and the name has become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

AN ACCOMMODATING EDITOR.—A local editor in Pekin, Ill., introduced himself to the public a few days ago as follows:

"Sensational, distressing details of revolting murders and shocking suicides, respectfully solicited. Bible class presentations and ministerial donation parties will be done with promptness and dispatch. Keen banks and their operations made a specialty. Accurate reports of Sunday-school anniversaries guaranteed. The local will cheerfully walk 17 miles after Sunday-school to see and report a prize fight. Funeral and all other melancholy occasions written up in a manner to challenge administration. Horse-races reported in the highest style of the reporter art. Domestic broils and conjugal infelicities sought for with untiring avidity. Police-court proceedings and editorial articles reported in a manner well calculated to astonish the prisoner, magistrate and preacher. Prompt paying subscribers and good advertisers, when stricken with mortal illness, will be cheerfully interviewed, when lying at death's door, with a view to obtaining obituary items, and the greatest pleasure will be taken in exposing your private affairs to the critical gaze of an interested public."

A FARMER'S VACATION IN EUROPE.

Six articles recounting the experience of a well-known American farmer, Mr. NEL WARING, of Ogdensburg, New York, during a tour through some of the less frequented parts of Western Europe, in the autumn of 1873.

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"AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY,"

AN ILLUSTRATED paper. Another series will open in January with a narrative of WE-TERN DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE, by PROFESSOR PG WELL, whose descent of the Colorado is one of the most famous exploits of Western life. This series will rival "THE GREAT SOUTH," passing in interest, whilst possessing greater variety and wider interest. Also another illustrated series.

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